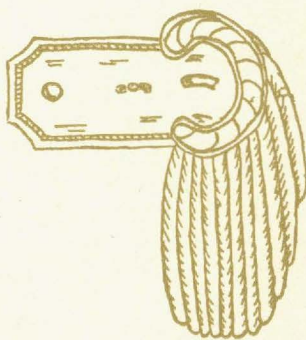
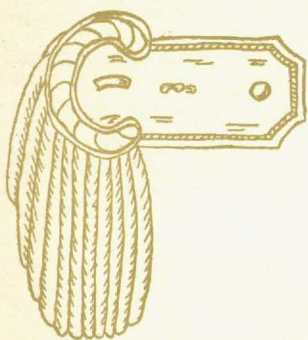


The EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



The EPAULET

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY by the STUDENTS of
MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE
under the Guidance of The Modern Portias

Vol. IV

JANUARY, 1944

No. 1

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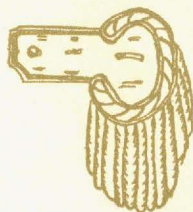
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CONTENTS



	PAGE
The Holy Night, <i>Peggy David</i>	4
A Message From the Co-Editors	5
The Sea, <i>Marie Kennedy</i>	6
To My Mother, <i>Mary Catherine Baker</i>	6
The Patriotic Turkey, <i>George E. Shankle</i>	7
Biography of Gay-Boy, <i>Anne Green</i>	8
To My Godchild, <i>Pat Cullins</i>	10
The Fates, <i>Susie H. Walder</i>	11
Poem, <i>Joyce Payne</i>	12
The Peanuts' Tete-a-Tete, <i>Dolores Lakotzke</i>	13
If I Had Known, <i>Mary Catherine Baker</i>	14
Tragic Love, <i>Joyce Payne</i>	15
Song of the Medieval Warrior, <i>Anne Green</i>	17
Personal Letter, <i>Martha Scott</i>	18
Hawking The News, <i>Catherine Korbal</i>	19
To V. K., <i>Mary Alice Aziz</i>	21
New York at Sunset, <i>Martha Scott</i>	22
Semper Paratus, <i>Dorothy Elwell</i>	22
The Wind, <i>Lillian Idalia Vega</i>	23
Consider the Lilies, <i>June Kratochvil</i>	23
Requiem, <i>Elsie Jayne Haines</i>	24
Resurrection, <i>Mary Catherine Baker</i>	24
Ze Cr-r-ystal Ball, <i>Betty B. Smith</i>	25
Compassion, <i>Mildred Paige Mancos</i>	26
Those Pesky Plugs!, <i>Susie H. Walder</i>	27
Ode To Death, <i>Dolores Lakotzke</i>	28
Success, <i>Susie H. Walder</i>	29
Song to a Soldier, <i>Carolyn Latham</i>	31
The National Symphony, <i>June Kratochvil</i>	32
Quietness, <i>Mary Ellen Glascock</i>	32
Marriage In Ancient Athens, <i>Georgia E. Ruxton</i>	33
This Changing World, <i>Catherine Korbal</i>	34
Venus Anadyomene, <i>Virginia Oquist</i>	35
Thoughts, <i>Catherine Korbal</i>	36
Spotlight Canteen, <i>Mary Alice Aziz</i>	37
Trends in Current Literature, <i>Corabel Garretson</i>	38
A Promise Well Kept, <i>Ruth Bondurant Smith</i>	39
We Regret to Inform, <i>Mildred Paige Mancos</i>	40
Daytime Sandman, <i>Julia Rose</i>	41
College Spirits, <i>Marie Kennedy</i>	41
MWC Cavalry Takes Oak Hill, <i>Betty B. Smith</i>	42
Ode to a Latin Book, <i>Gloria Irene Burnside</i>	43
Autobiography, <i>Marjorie Cryder</i>	44
How to Polish the Apple, <i>Marjorie Cryder</i>	45
Index of Authors	46

The Holy Night

By

PEGGY DAVID

'Twas a clear cold night in Bethlehem,
Not a room was to be found;
Joseph, his eyes filled with anxiety,
Hastily searched the town.

At last he found a stable,
The only place they could stay,
And made a bed for Mary
Down on the fragrant hay.

Here 'neath the radiant glory
Of the first glad Christmas morn
God's Angels told the story
That His Son, the King, was born.

They named the Baby, Jesus,
And people far and near
Followed the star of wonder
To bring Him gifts and cheer.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh they brought Him,
And fell on bended knee,
To worship Christ, the Saviour,
The Lord sent to you and to me.



A Message From The Co-Editors

THE EPAULET challenges every Mary Washington girl to express her finest thoughts and feelings in print. Mary Washington is one of the great women's colleges of America. The varied writing talent at this college ranks with the best the students of America possess. Three types of cooperation are essential to make THE EPAULET a success: every girl must subscribe to it, write for it, and be proud of it.

If THE EPAULET fails, the student body fails, for it is the responsibility of every Mary Washington girl to do creative writing and to encourage others to create by supporting a project which symbolizes the literary ability of the students to the outside world. We, the Co-Editors and other members of the staff, feel that it is hardly necessary to remind our fellow students that plagiarism is not to be tolerated; but we feel that it is timely to say that the EPAULET staff, the sponsor, and those who contribute the money to publish it will in no way assume responsibility for any social or legal consequences which might result from such a disgraceful act.

THE CO-EDITORS.

The Sea

By

MARIE KENNEDY

The sea
Snarls and twists restlessly
Like a giant monster straining at his bonds.
Slowly, noisily,
His rage mounts with the roaring of the salty wind.
Spray lashes out
Like droplets of saliva through quick, angry lips.
Blustering, whining, groaning,
He swells to his greatest height as if struggling for breath,
And with one last tremendous effort,
Lunges at his captor-shore.
The thundering boom
Of a giant breaker is a triumphant cry of victory.



To My Mother

By

MARY CATHERINE BAKER

When I recall the way that once strong body
Shielded me and gave me of its best;
And how your thoughts and feelings centered on my life—
No sacrifice too great, nor any job too long—
I weep the more to see that body bruised and pained,
Fired by a spirit dauntless now as then.
Motherhood has taken much, but that it could not kill!
Take heart, dear Mother, lean on my strength.
The courage, hope, and strength born of you in me
Are *yours*; use them as you will.

The Patriotic Turkey

By

GEORGE E. SHANKLE

THE barnyard of Mary Washington College was in such a commotion that it seemed as though the fowls had gone on a strike against their keepers. The chef from Seacobeck rushed out to learn the cause of the commotion. As he approached he heard the master turkey cock say (the chef was surprised to find that he could understand the turkey lingo perfectly): "Gentleman and lady turkeys, as you doubtless know, it is almost Christmas and Peanut Week is now in full blast. At the close of the student stunt week some one of us is going to be butchered to be served for the Christmas dinner. It is both a grief and an honor for any one of us to give his life that the appetites of these Mary Washington girls may be so artistically satisfied. I wish that we might cast lots to see who the lucky turkey may be, but that can never be, for the chef will automatically select the one he feels will be best suited for the purpose. I am happy to know that I shall be selected (if I am selected) instead of being butchered and sold through the city markets, for as you know I am a patriotic American turkey. I can think of nothing more humiliating or grievous than to be sold through the

black markets. I should be so humiliated if this should happen to me that my carcas would neither be pleasing to the eyes of these young women nor agreeable to their tastes. It is the greatest honor that can come to one of the turkey tribe to be served to such a group of beautiful young ladies. Even to fill their stomachs would be a delightful experience, but to be privileged to lie there beneath those lovely evening dresses until I am digested would be ecstasy such as no other turkey could ever enjoy. And, too, at this dinner the peanuts and the shells will be reunited and each peanut will be introduced to her shell. There will be such merriment and courteous conversation that I would count it the greatest experience in my life (although at that time I would not be alive) to contribute something to this annual occasion. After the dinner is over, my bones will be deposited in the cans of refuse and carted away to sleep amidst those of other favored turkeys who have given their lives to grace the tables on these annual occasions. To die for such a glorious occasion is worth all else that I may be deprived of here among my relatives and friends in Mary Washington College barnyard."

Biography of Gay-Boy

By

ANNE GREEN

HE was born in the high hills of the Santee on one of those intense October mornings when the redness of the hills seems to flash back and electrify the sky to a blue as bright as sapphire. The little cabin, where his parents with their six children and his aunt and uncle with their eight children lived, seemed to clutch at the top of the hill in a desperate effort not to be toppled over by the surge of humanity within. They named him Gay-Boy, and yet, when thirty years had passed since that blue October morning of his birth, he still remained the only solemn member of a family which the colored folk of Hillwood Church called the noisy Wilsons. The jubilant tribe of Wilsons, from seven-year-old Fanny to seventy-year-old Uncle Jim, moved in endless bedlam about the house and the nearby cornfields, and in their midst Gay seemed a hulking stranger, almost a ghost.

"He's a mite strange," the Wilsons said to their friends, "but he's awful smart. Always a-wishing he could've went to school so as he could've knowed what makes the sky so blue. Always a-looking around and seeing everything. And old Aunt Easter, the witch-doctor over to Whisper-Hollow, says he's got the power. Says anybody with them big, vacant eyes is got the power.

Yep, he's a mite strange, but he's the best of the Wilsons."

The best of the Wilsons waited thirty years to get married, and even then it was a shock to Hillwood. He went outside to get his wife, and worse than that, he married a half-breed Turk. The Wilsons were silent for once when he brought her home. They just stood and stared at her sharp, hard features, her straight shiny hair, and her electric eyes. They stared until she cursed at them, and then the little ones ran and hid themselves. She could never be a Wilson. But she stayed in the little old cabin, crowded as it already was, because Gay's blind old mother could not have him leave. "He sees for me," she said. "If he was to go, I'd really be blind."

Gay gave up his work on the farm when he married Anna. He gave up his hours of leaning on the plow and gazing with dreamy, vacant eyes at the sky and trees, because Anna wanted clothes and finery, even though she only wore them through the cornfields. Uncle Jim spent his time wondering why Gay ever married her. "He looks at her like he looks at the sky."

But the shrewd old mother only laughed her dry laugh and said, "He married her 'cause she's so real and 'cause she ain't a-scared of nothing."

Gay worked as a lumber-jack six days each week from eight until seven.

He spent all day in the damp, moldy swamp cutting trees for pulp wood. His eyes lost their dreamy look and became dull. Uncle Jim began to hate Anna and to say she had ruined the best of the Wilsons. Aunt Easter, the witch-doctor, said the power couldn't come to him unless he went back to the cornfields. His stooped, old mother said she hadn't seen a thing the five years he'd been a lumber-jack. "He don't dream no more," she said, "and he don't tell me what he sees."

On an Easter morning in March when the Wilson tribe was getting ready to leave for Hillwood church, the old mother asked her son if he were happy. "Come on to church with us Wilsons," she said. "You ain't gonna be happy staying like you is now."

Gay only smiled his slow smile at her. "I ain't gonna be happy anyways," he said. "I wished I could've went to school so as I could have found out." And he left them wondering as he walked slowly down the hill to meet the truck that took him to the lumber camp.

"What's he always been a-looking for?" Uncle Jim wanted to know. "Fanny thinks it's about the sky, but I don't know."

"Neither does he," answered the old mother. "Neither does nobody. But he used to be happy just a-looking till she come."

Nobody ever knew what it was about

Anna that made Gay come back to her through a cold, driving rain that Easter day. Whatever it was, he came seven miles through the storm because he knew the Wilsons had left her alone in an electrical storm—the one thing she feared. During the five days he lay in the cabin with pneumonia they wondered why he had come. Old Aunt Easter wrapped her charmed snake skin around his neck and asked the Lord not to take so early a man who had the power. The last thing Gay did was push the snake skin on the floor, and then Uncle Jim said he heard him say "blue."

All the colored folk went to the funeral at Hillwood Cemetery and heard the frog-voiced minister say that Gay-Boy Wilson had been a little stupid, but the Lord loved stupid people, and the Lord would love Gay. Aunt Easter said, "Amen." In all the frenzied mob of mourners, only Uncle Jim and the old mother, usually the loudest of all, were quiet. Afterwards, Uncle Jim said he knew Gay wouldn't have liked a lot of screaming, because he was such a quiet man. "And he warn't stupid like pastor made out," Uncle Jim said. "The sky was too blue when he was born, but he was a good boy. He just wanted to know about the sky."

And from her creaking chair, Fanny thought she heard the old mother say, "And the sky's the highest thing."

To My Godchild

By

PAT CULLINS

My godchild—what a wondrous picture
Those words convey. A separate, special part
Of my life, infinitely precious as a present
From those who brought you here
Into my future.

My child, my tiny love, I bring a gift;
But only one, for by the true legend,
A godmother may give a single present—
For tomorrow and tomorrow, one good and perfect gift.

What shall it be? I must be wise.
Oh soul, help me to choose with judgment.
Teach me the difference between ignorance and wisdom,
Stupidity and intelligence, folly and prudence.

For you, little one, beauty of spirit?
The power to survive the evilness of the world,
To discern the art in all things?
Or shall it be love of life? To be endowed
With fantasy, invention, humor, laughter—
To look ahead with zest, loving life
Deeply and fully, as the supreme miracle.
The gift of Love? "Love"—a word like "art,"
Which symbolizes many things: a silly cartoon,
A lovely watercolor, or the deep, inexpressible majesty
Of Rembrandt and Van Dyke.
Or would you have the understanding heart,
And know truth and goodness,
The difference in sweet and bitter, evil and holy?
Shall it be courage? You could fight
For better things, face pain and loss, defeat and disaster;
Looking at life squarely, with a high head and heart.

With these, oh godchild, the kingdoms of the earth
Lie at your feet. Fame, success, even genius
Could be yours.
But wait, there is one more—
One more gift that I would choose
Above all others.
Faith! With faith and trust you can overcome
All trouble, deceit, or wickedness—
Be loyal, my child, and adhere to your promises.
Be steadfast and true to your beliefs—and
With this faith, you will rise to meet
All adversaries. This, my dear, I would give to you.

The Fates

By

SUSIE H. WALDER

"AND did you hear about Diana?" asked Clo.

"Of course not," replied the one addressed, "we never hear anything here—in prison. How foolish are those below who envy us!"

"It's really one of the most ironic things—we, of all people, are chained to an absolute, inescapable destiny," sighed Opa.

"And worse even than that," added Sis, who had sat quiet until now, "worse even than that are these invisible chains which bind us. If people could see that we are held here, we might gain sympathy, at least."

The three sighed, and there was a sound as of a great chorus of voices, sighing with them. A damp vapor crept through the keyhole and diffused itself through the room. The three wrapped their cloaks more tightly about their shivering shoulders.

While they remain quiet, lost in somber reflection, let us look at them more closely. Three maidens they were, young in form and feature, but old with the opiate of hopelessness. Their eyes were hard and restless, and—yes, they were wild. They held pictures—formless, varied, horrible, which changed with each tiny movement of their bodies, each shifting reflection of light. They were Clo, Opa, and Sis. They were sitting in a large luxurious-

ly furnished, yet bleak room; and they were weaving.

"What about Diana?" said Opa, after a moment. She spoke in a harsh monotone.

"Oh, yes, what about her? Lucky creature!" said Sis, spitefully, snatching at the fabric on her loom so savagely that it tore. "I've ruined this piece, too. Give me the scissors." She cut off the torn piece and threw it into a basket already overflowing with soiled and ragged bits of cloth.

"Oh, Diana—the manager found out about her and what's-his-name. And it was too bad for what's-his-name."

"He didn't——"

"Yes, he did have him killed, and I hear he has blamed us for having to do it. He says that the black weave—you remember—did it," answered Clo.

"Well, I wove it," said Sis, "but I didn't intend—it doesn't matter, anyhow. We can't please him, no matter what we weave."

"I don't like this pattern, do you?" asked Sis suddenly, and without waiting for a reply, she ripped it off.

"That middle part isn't bad," declared Clo, scrutinizing the work, "why don't you cut it out and put it in the center of your next piece?"

Opa began to laugh hysterically. "Look where I turned my drink over on it. It ruins the whole color scheme!"

"Well, I didn't care for it, anyhow. It looks like modern art now," said Clo, laughing mirthlessly. "Hark! Is he coming?"

"Yes," answered Sis, "I saw him through the window. It's time to be scolded again. We can never do anything to suit him, and yet we must endure this drudgery through all eternity."

"I know just what he will say," and Sis began to mimic. "'Why don't you take some interest in your work? It could be the most fascinating job here. Look at the defects and at all these ragged edges. Why don't you make a consistent pattern?'"

"Well, let's start over. Maybe he might not see how many we spoiled and he might not notice so many of those blacks, browns, and grays which he hates. We will have to do better, or he will really get mad," said Clo.

"Let's start a bright pattern now," suggested Opa, hopefully.

So saying, the three ripped from their looms the work which they had begun since they had thrown away the last faulty work. Jupiter was coming, and Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos attempted once more to please him by weaving some gay colors into the tapestry of life.

Poem

By

JOYCE PAYNE

There is the past and the future, nothing more.

I am living in an empty world of memories,
Thinking what life will be and had been before.

Plans for today are humorless farces and fallacies.

Why should sweethearts be torn apart,

Leaving dreams too hopeless for bearing?

How can I oust the despair in my heart

When others say, "Be brave; peace is nearing"?

The Peanuts' Tete-a-Tete

By

DOLORES LAKOTZKE

"OH, MY! It's morning again," said the sleepy peanut, squirming about as if in a yawn. "Well, the only pleasure I have in this sad and worry worn world is talking to my shell." With this, the spry peanut decided that pleasure, by all means, should be his goal.

Prying open the shell which hermitized this peanut, he immediately engaged it in diversified conversation. The conversation travels on all the highways of current life—from Sinatra to skunks. "Well, of course," said the shell in his half-cracked way, "there are two schools of thought, but personally, I don't see much difference." The peanut, secretly agreeing with the shell, did not wish to make his view known. So being a thoughtful conversationalist, he turned from the loquacious highway abruptly off to a lane commonly referred to as "a dirt road."

"Mrs. Almond told Mrs. Walnut that you-know-who has been seeing whatchamacallit." That, of course, wasn't the exact words of the speaker, but to the listener, the content, no matter what it was, was boring. Until . . . "that Uppity peanut shell" was mentioned. Ah, yes! The shell was interested. After all, these shells had practically shared a common earth-bed all season. The shell knew Uppity's faults and endured them without a word. But gracious, these goings on!

. . . it was just too much. After this thought as quoted in the unique shell-way—who do you think toppled by? Yes, you're right; it was Uppity.

Greetings were exchanged; a comment or two on the weather; a mention of the recent Churchill and Roosevelt meetings; then to what would interest everyone in this crowd . . . "What have you been doing lately, Uppity?" Everyone breathed hard, as Uppity drew a deep breath to begin a soliloquy which would probably put Hamlet to shame. "Well, nothing much," said Uppity. Yes, that was all. A simple statement. Was it to be followed by nothing else? The answer came a second later and it sounded like a bolt of thunder. "Well, on second thought, I have been pretty busy. I was chosen to be one of the M. W. C. peanuts." He paused, but only long enough to stir their interests on. "Yes, a pretty exciting time," he repeated as he reminisced. "Just imagine, my being chosen from the thousands of other peanuts in the world." The listeners drew an envious breath. "Just imagine!" they echoed. Uppity was stirred to greater heights now, after that echo, and he immediately started a detail travelogue talk on the happenings of the "M. W. C. Peanut Paradise Week."

"The first step," said the shell, "is appearing fine enough for the rigid inspection test. Next the selected ones

are carefully moved to the Y. M. C. A. Room, where cheerful hungry college girls shell the peanuts gleefully, and gobble them down." With this statement, he deliberately glanced at the peanut, who cringed a little and hid his head in shame, for he had not been among the ones so honored. This obvious lull in the conversation was quickly corrected by the shell who immediately asked what was the next step. Uppity in a pitying tone, equaled only by his last glance, continued, "A female's name is put in place of the eaten peanut and then we shells are carefully sealed once more. We again move across the spacious campus up to Seacobek, where we are placed on a snowy white linen table spread, each in front of a college girl's plate. We lie here about a half an hour, getting acquainted—my new 'insides' and me, when a pretty girl appears, and after the dinner

prayer she questionably holds us firm in her palm and carefully lifts my shell top and read my 'insides.' "Oh, like a fortune teller?" pipes the peanut. This statement, the glance the peanut received, not only made him cringe, but blush a reddish-brown color.

To prevent another sudden lull, the shell had an idea which flashed between his brain and his vocal organ. It was, "How does it happen that you, Uppity, who is a 'favored one,' are strolling out at night?" Uppity quickly assured that all was well between him and his shell. He had just stepped out of his mistress's scrapbook, "College Memory," to get a breath of fresh air.

Uppity turned and bid the envious shell and the greenish tinged red-brown peanut good-bye, and once again entered his mistress's scrapbook, not to be lost in its numerous pages, but to be a definite tradition of "College Memories."

If I Had Known

By

MARY CATHERINE BAKER

If I had known in December
How wearily I'd trace my steps,
This month through all our secret paths
I'd still take all you gave me
In December, and pray, poor fool,
This month would never come.

Tragic Love

By

JOYCE PAYNE

Characters:

King Queen Princess
Duke Servant

Setting:

Throne room of a medieval castle.

Directions:

Each character speaks his stage directions as well as his lines. All dialogue and action is exaggerated to the utmost degree.

SCENE I

KING: The King enters from the right.

QUEEN: Followed by the devoted Queen.

KING: He seats himself on the throne, his scepter in his hand. "What is troubling you, my dear Queen?" he asks in noble tones.

QUEEN: "It is our daughter, the Princess," the Queen says, wringing her hands. "She is twenty years old and still you have not found her a husband."

KING: Trembling with rage, he answers, "There is not a man alive who is worthy of the Princess!"

DUKE: The handsome Duke enters from the right, sword in hand. Bowing to the King, he says, "Sir, I have just returned from your majestic borders." Looking proud, he continues, "My troops have the enemy in full retreat."

Waving his sword, the tall, young Duke vows, "Never again shall those barbarians endanger our people!"

PRINCESS: The beautiful Princess trips daintily in from the left. Seeing the handsome Duke, she stops, smitten with love for him.

DUKE: The Duke forgets the rest of his message, and stands gazing soulfully at the Princess.

PRINCESS: The Princess is overcome with shyness, blushes, and drops her eyes.

QUEEN: The Queen thinks, "At last my daughter has met someone she can marry. The King cannot have any objections to the Duke. He is of noble blood, handsome, rich, and he has just saved the kingdom from the barbarians."

KING: The King thinks, his brain in a rage, "It is love at first sight. I mustn't let this go any further. I must not lose my beautiful daughter. She is the joy of my life."

PRINCESS: She smiles at the Duke.

DUKE: "Sir," the Duke asks hopefully, "May I have the hand of your daughter in marriage?"

QUEEN: The Queen looks happy. At last her daughter will be married.

KING: The King does not answer immediately.

PRINCESS: The Princess flutters her

long, beautiful eyelashes and gazes pleadingly at her father.

DUKE: "Please give me your answer, your majesty. I have fallen madly in love with the Princess."

KING: The King looks stern, and brandishes his scepter in the air. "There is no man who can pass the test to win my daughter's hand," he roars.

DUKE: "What is the test?" he implores. "I will do anything to win the fair Princess," he answers manfully.

PRINCESS: She looks proudly at her true-love.

KING: The King looks sly as he thinks about what he is going to say.

DUKE: The Duke leans forward expectantly.

KING: The King says, "If you really want to marry my daughter, you must go back to the border and capture Algon, the Terrible."

PRINCESS: The Princess swoons and falls to the floor.

QUEEN: The Queen speaks meekly, "But it is certain death to try to capture Algon, the Terrible. He is seven feet tall and men have fainted from a look from him."

DUKE: Looking heart-broken, the Duke starts across the room to pick up the beautiful Princess.

KING: "Go," he roars. "When you have taken Algon, the Terrible's head, you may return, but not before."

DUKE: "I will go now, but I will be back with the head of Algon, the Terrible and claim the hand of the Princess," he vows. Swinging his cape

across his shoulders, he strides forcefully out of the room to the right.

KING: The King picks up the Princess. Exit the King.

QUEEN: Followed by the devoted Queen.

SCENE II

KING: Enter the King.

QUEEN: Followed by the devoted Queen.

KING: He chuckles gleefully, "It has been a fortnight since I sent the Duke on his impossible errand."

QUEEN: "If he does not return, the Princess will pine away to her death," she moans. "She has not eaten a mouthful since he went away."

PRINCESS: The Princess runs in from the left. "Listen," she cries, "there are hoof beats in the distance. I know it is the Duke returning successfully for me," she says joyously.

KING: "Impossible!" roars the King. "He will never be able to take the head of Algon, the Terrible in a million years."

QUEEN: "We will wait and see."

DUKE: Enter the Duke, victorious, followed by one of his men carrying the head of Algon, the Terrible. "I have come for my bride," he says. He crosses the room to take the Princess away.

KING: "You will never have my daughter!" he shouts. He takes his sword and lunges at the Duke.

DUKE: The Duke unsheathes his sword and kills the King.

QUEEN: "Merciful heaven," she

cries, "I die of grief." The Queen falls dead on the King's body.

DUKE: "What have I done?" he says in anguish. "I will kill myself in my shame. The Duke drinks a cup of poison and falls dead.

PRINCESS: "How can I live now, that my love, my mother and my father are dead?" she wails. "My heart is broken." She falls dead on the body of the Duke. The Princess is beautiful even in death.

THE END.



Song of the Medieval Warrior

By

ANNE GREEN

O come with me, my love, and find
The red rose bright against the snow.
O come, and clasp thy hand with mine,
Ere swift her trembling petals blow,
Too soon in one swift crimson flow.
Look long, my love, and do not weep,
Though with the wind her petals go,
Within thy soul her memory keep—
Look long, and breathe her beauty deep.

One kiss to bind us, I with thee;
The charger champs, and I must fly;
Think on our rose and dream of me,
Then like you, rose, I cannot die,
Though on some snowy plain I lie
Beneath the battle's crimson fray.
Be still, my love, and do not sigh.
Yet, ah my love, that I might stay,
How we should sing our lives away!

Personal Letter

By

MARTHA SCOTT

Somewhere in Africa
October 15, 1943.

DEAR MOM AND DAD:

You have been anxious to hear from me, I know. Well, I've been anxious to write, too, but now that I'm here I find that I'm allowed to write you very little. Our ship arrived at a seaport about fifty miles from here early yesterday morning. We were taken in Army trucks to this post.

The accommodations are extremely good—to the extent of showers and eats. But, boy, Mom, could I go for some of your fried chicken and cocoanut pie right now! We sleep in tents which are camouflaged until we have trouble crawling in them at night ourselves.

Please don't worry about me. This is not near the combat area, though we may see some action eventually. One unit of men has been here for several months and they love it. There is a kind of resort a short ride from here where, they tell me, we can spend our short leaves—swimming, playing tennis or golf, sleeping, and eating.

There is a native village near here, too. I got some things for each of you and for Mary's Christmas and am mailing them today. Merry Christmas!

How is Skipper, and what's left of the old gang at home? Give everybody my love, and thank Aunt Emily for the cookies she sent before I left New York.

Take good care of yourselves and don't worry about me.

With all my love,

ART.

Hawking The News

By

CATHERINE KORBAL

HE came cautiously down the street, and, with the aid of a cane and a big police dog, deftly picked his way through the oncoming crowd like a fish swimming upstream against the current. At the corner where, for a few moments, people stood waiting impatiently for the green light, there the newsboy stood patiently all day long selling his papers. The man stopped and waited, as if expecting someone. Suddenly, the newsboy, seeing him, hurried over, and reaching under his arm for the latest edition of the paper, spoke.

"Good mornin', sir. I'm sorry to have kept yuh waitin'."

"That's quite all right," answered the blind man. "Would you read the headlines for me?"

"Sure thing. Just a minute till I git the thing unfolded."

The rustling of the newspaper blended in with the rushing steps of the crowd.

"Now, let me see. Yeah, it says here, *Local Pilot Loses Life After Bagging Eight Jap Planes.*"

"Please go on."

"Heller Taylor," he read, "young American Army pilot today became a hero after bringing down eight of the enemy aircraft. He lost his life when

his plane was hit by Japanese gun fire. . . ."

* * * * *

Somewhere, a ten-year old boy lay sprawled on a floor cluttered with newspapers. His mischievous eyes darted across the front page—the page containing the picture of Heller Taylor. He read and then said aloud, "Heller Taylor." He liked the way the "l's" rolled off his tongue.

"Hel-ler Tay-lor," he chanted in accented syllables. "Taylor-hay-lor, Hay-lor-tel-ler, Tel-lar-hay-lor."

"Hey, Mom," called young Barrie Burapachura Pachinni. "Come look at this crazy name I found in the newspaper!"

* * * * *

Somewhere, in a little red schoolhouse, Miss Emily Kirby folded her paper neatly and looked around at her class. Her eyes were moist and her throat ached from reading. It was a pity that the story of Heller Taylor meant little more to these children than a few minutes' diversion from their studies. But then, they were young, young as Heller had been when he sat in the first seat under her bespectacled eyes. He'd always been quiet. . . . "Gee, you have pretty gray hair, Miss Kirby" . . . she could hear him saying in his

shy voice. She had been surprised, but pleased. Such a shy youngster.

"... Henry Little, stop pulling my pigtails!" came a girl's voice across the schoolroom, bringing Miss Kirby from her reverie.

With a sigh, she rapped on the desk with her ruler, and said in the same voice and in the same manner, what she had been saying for years.

"Order in the classroom, children," and the paper with the young pilot's picture, slipped unnoticed into the wastebasket.

* * * * *

Somewhere on a small island, a Japanese pilot saluted his officer and marched back to his place in line. The medal dangling on his chest danced in time with the proud heartbeats that shook his small, sturdy frame.

A medal! His dream of dreams! It was something he'd always wanted. He silently thanked his gods for the luck they had given him. Yes, it had been luck, hadn't it? In his plane, he had seen the American pilot bring down eight of his comrades. And he alone had escaped to pursue and make the direct hit—the hit which was responsible for his new rank and for this medal glittering on his chest.

"Tomorrow," he noted mentally, "I will make a special offering to my gods."

And the sun was caught and reflected in the sparkling medal.

* * * * *

Somewhere in a small clean living-room, young John Maxwell sank down

in his favorite chair to read the evening paper.

"At last, some peace!" he said to his wife. "That kid of ours has the strongest lungs of any two-month-old baby I know."

"You don't know any other two-month-old babies," teased Martha.

John Maxwell ignored her remark and studied the headlines. "I see that an American pilot brought down eight Jap planes."

"Oh, really?" asked Mrs. Maxwell.

"Yes, but the Japs got him in the end."

"How nice," she replied indifferently.

"How nice? Martha! What do you mean, 'how nice'?"

"Oh, John, I'm sorry, but I wasn't listening. I was thinking of a name for Baby."

"Well, it *is* about time we gave him something to be called by instead of Baby. How about Pete or Mike?"

"Oh, every time we discuss naming him, you suggest Pete, or Mike, or Joe, or Bill, or Hank..." her voice dropped. "I want something different and unusual."

Mr. Maxwell sighed and turned back to his newspaper. His eyes fell again on the picture of the young pilot. As he read the printing beneath it, a peculiar look crossed his face.

"Ah, I was just thinking..." turning to Martha. "How about Heller for something different?"

Mrs. Maxwell said "Heller" once, and a radiant look illuminated her face. She jumped up, ran to her husband,

threw her arms around his neck, and said, "Oh, Johnny! That's wonderful. It's exactly what I wanted. Why didn't you suggest it before? 'Heller Maxwell'! Johnny, you're a genius!"

"Tut, tut, my dear," said John Maxwell, looking at the picture of Heller Taylor. Then he smiled and turned anxiously to the funny papers.

* * * * *

"The War Department," continued the newsboy, "has notified Mr. Taylor's

family of his death. President Roosevelt cited the——"

"That's enough, thank you," interrupted the blind man. "May I take that copy? Here's your money."

Taking the paper under his arm, he turned and cautiously went back up the street, picking his way through the dwindling crowd of people.

"Why didn't she tell me this morning?" he kept saying in a choked voice.

To V. K.

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

There's something about farewells, I do not like—
 They breathe the grim finality of funeral pyres:
 The misted eye, the twisted smile, perhaps a sigh,
 An outstretched hand, one long, last look—and—then—
 No more—*fini*—good-bye.
 Not so for me; no saddened memories to haunt my lonely nights,
 No melancholy recollections of parting scenes,
 Nor bitter reminiscing of promises unkept.
 'Tis best instead to leave without a word:
 No sign, no show, no lingering lament.
 And if by chance one meets again
 'Tis but the glad continuation of the last "hello."
 Never having said good-bye there was no end.
 I hope you understand—now—dear friend.

New York at Sunset

By

MARTHA SCOTT

AS we stepped out on the observation tower at Rockefeller Center, seventy-two stories above the bustling street, a pinkish-blue haze greeted our eyes. It had been a hot day in the city, and now in the early evening the heat waves rested heavily on the horizon, limiting the visibility. Looking north, we saw Central Park, a coal-green patch in the dull, gray city. To the south, skyscrapers loomed all the way down the island of Manhattan to the Battery. To the west, the Hudson River lay blue and still, a single white sailboat drifting lazily over the still surface.

While we watched, the sun dipped lower and finally disappeared below the western horizon. Before long, the sky grew to a deeper blue, then black, and a full moon shone like a silvery globe over the silent city. One by one the windows in the skyscrapers gleamed with soft golden light. From the Palisades Amusement Park across the Hudson River skyrockets and Roman candles flared against the night sky, and died away in a shower of red and yellow stars. This was New York!



Semper Paratus

By

DOROTHY ELWELL

There's a band of men, of fine, hardy men
Who brave the perilous sea;
Whenever a ship is in distress,
They rush to answer its plea.

It matters not if ship be foreign,
If enemy ensings wave above;
The Coast Guard stands for deeds of valor,
Of fearless courage and brotherly love.

They know action, they know danger,
'Midst the ravage of savage attack;
Their dauntless code: *You have to go out,*
But you don't have to come back.

The Wind

By

LILLIAN IDALIA VEGA

A WASHERWOMAN is angry at me because I arrived too late to dry the clothes she had so laboriously scrubbed; while somewhere else, on the unfathomable ocean, a boat awaits my coming, awaits for me to breathe the spark of life in sails now deathly motionless. I clean the sky of clouds; I make possible the germination of various plants; I move the lofty windmills to extract water from the bowels of the earth. They call me wind.

They call me wind and there is a joy in their hearts. I catch the hushed murmurs of nature's enchanted beings, and when mortals hear them they think I sigh. I dance along with the pretty flowers; I tease the silken tassel of the

lovely corn. I carry away the helpless kite in tune to the children's gleeful shouts. When the stubborn hearth refuses to light, I smile, for how quickly I can make it change its mind.

They call me wind and there is sorrow in their hearts. For I have not been all good. Many will show the scars of my perverseness. Many will bear the marks of my cruelty. Even the burning dessert has felt my wrath, and many an Arabian caravan has lain devastated before my might. I bring floods, too, and havoc and chaos follow in my wake. I catch the tiny spark and a mighty forest is ablaze, the flaming victim of my fancy.

I am the wind.



Consider the Lilies . . .

By

JUNE KRATOCHVIL

White lilies in a golden vase,
A topaz set in platinum,
A stuffed flamingo in a case;

His treasures and with pride-filled heart
And reverence, he looks at them.
They form for him a world apart.

Yet though I try quite hard to care,
To my (he says, uncultured eye),
Field lilies seem so much more fair.

Requiem

By

ELSIE JAYNE HAINES

I lift my head up toward the heaven. Though it be azure, I am not moved. I gaze all about me. The earth wears an emerald cloak. The trees are painted in fiery red and gold. I hear the singing birds, the chattering squirrels. I hear and see people—people whose faces are blank and expressionless—now. Yesterday they held meaning. Today, nothing seems important. How can I care? He is dead. All that remains is a memory, perfect to me. Yet, I will always have that memory. When Spring comes with its glorious triumph of rebirth; when Summer approaches with its memory of the fulfillment of our love; when Fall nears with its splurge of color followed by dullness; and finally in the still Winter whiteness. That memory shall be mine. O dear one, already the sky seems bluer.



Resurrection

By

MARY CATHERINE BAKER

Confused in a welter of uncertainty,
Pinioned by a body weak and torn,
Bruised and soul-sick, nearly stifled by your fears;
Loving, yet unloved, you dropped my love,
Prostrate in a cavern of despair,
The spark of life well-nigh extinguished by frustration.
Then slowly but surely in the warming rays of confidence,
Guided by hands that held a torch of hope,
You fed your starving soul upon the bread of love,
And emerged into a world made bright
With joys and promise of perpetual spring.

Ze Cr-rystal Ball

By

BETTY B. SMITH

THE drab little place was a gloomy contrast to the cheerful glare of the street we had just left, but Dave and I felt in an adventurous mood to which the bespangled fortune-teller's sign outside held high appeal. We had hardly become accustomed to the light before a grubby little man appeared and asked if we had come for a reading. Dave made some crack about what, no beer!, and then asked when the first show started, which of course offended our friend very much, but he managed only to wince in an offended manner and then asked which of us wanted to go in first. My nerve had somewhat deserted me so when the little man announced that the Swami was prepared, Dave was the first to disappear through the mystic door. He was gone, it seemed to me, an eternity, and as he reappeared he looked strangely puzzled and impressed.

"The old quack must have something on the ball," he said, though in such a subdued manner that I knew he hadn't meant the quip as such. "He told me things I thought nobody knew."

Well, of course, that was anything but reassuring, but I had my honor at stake and couldn't back out then, so I was next to disappear for a visit with the Swami.

As I entered the tiny room where the visitation was to take place, all I

could see in the blue light—to this day blue lights give me chills—was a table, a couple of chairs, the inevitable crystal ball, and lots of dreary, shabby curtains with moons and stars in the design. I finally got tired of standing, so I dropped into one of the chairs—I think my knees were shaking too much to support my weight anyway—then all of a sudden the Swami appeared.

He was just about all you hear of fortune-tellers and a little more painted on. All in all, his presence was not reassuring. To add a touch he stood for a full minute just looking at me. At first I thought that he considered me so beautiful that he couldn't take his eyes from my face, but then I realized that it wasn't quite as simple as that. Oh, the face is simple enough, but that's not what I mean. For there began to appear on his dark and ugly physiognomy a smirk which broadened to a sneer, then to a grin as he stood with his eyes fastened on me. Well, that was too much even for me, so I got up and started for the door. The Swami followed me, by this time laughing in a sinister way, which was unnerving. Pushing through what I hoped were the exit curtains I started down the little hall leading to the outer room, the Swami just a step behind me and audibly having a big joke about something. I had to stop to open the door and as I paused, the Swami, shaking

with laughter from turban to toes and still looking at me as if I were some strange freak out of the zoo, came up quite close to me. And as he came near,

I suddenly lost all restraint and slapped him so hard that his beard curled, because my mother had always told me to strike a happy medium.



*"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains."*



Compassion

By

MILDRED PAIGE MANCOS

God saw. And as I cried,
He took each silver tear
That fell, and sighed.
With gentle hands and fear—
Lest they should slip
And break—He touched them
With a finger tip.
Then, as I looked for Him,
I saw a shining tear
Of sympathy and care
Drop sweet, and soft, and near
To mine. And lo! Where
Lay tear drops of two worlds,
Glowing in the twilight,
I saw a string of purest pearls,
Each perfect, round, and white.

Those Pesky Plugs!

By

SUSIE H. WALDER

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead" that he never has ground his teeth and said, "The next time they tell me to buy those pills, I'm going to smash the radio!" If such a person exists, do "mark him well"; he is either deaf or eccentric. The favorite medium for advertising is now the radio; and there is something so obnoxious about this type of advertising that one is led to appreciate other types—at least, relatively.

First of all, radio advertising is harder to escape than other forms. The reader who is made slightly ill by magazine and newspaper advertisements can carefully avoid glancing toward them; or, if he comes to a whole page of them, he can shut his eyes and turn over. One can burn unread the various circulars that come through the mails. But what is the radio listener to do? He tunes in his favorite hour of music, and is reminded every five minutes that he is hearing it through the courtesy of the Blank Blank Company, whose medicines will cure every ill known to man or beast; or whose washday soap will make every woman who tries it beautiful and happy. If he doesn't leap to turn the radio off the moment his program is over, he may be subjected to one of the myriad transcribed announcements.

These little gems slip in between

programs and seize one unawares. Unless the radio listener is on his guard every moment, unless he has the agility of a football tackler, and the intuition of the Delphian Oracle, he is going to hear at least some of the advertising.

Aside from that, however, there is something about radio advertising, about the way it is conveyed through the speaking voice, that makes it objectionable. There are two main ways in which the advertising is presented, both of which may be employed in the same advertisement. These are the "excited announcer" and the "confidential announcer." In the first instance, the announcer raises his voice to a shriek and constantly increases his speed as he gets more and more enthusiastic about his subject, until, as he comes into the home stretch, he is almost gasping for breath. As he finishes, "So buy a zoot-suit today!" one is reminded of a horse who wins his race by a nose, but uses his last bit of strength to do so and expires on the finish line.

The second type, the confidential, is, if possible, even worse. Here the announcer plays the role of fatherly psychiatrist whose one desire is to help you, his poor listener, you who are kept from popularity because you haven't enough pep to keep up with the crowd. "But do not despair," he says, in dulcet tones, "I know how to make everything

all right. Just eat Blank's Oatmeal, and within two weeks you will be a different person." His tone implies that he knows all about the personal lives of his listeners, even to the socks they should have darned and didn't. The inflection of his voice and the delicate way he speaks of the personal problems of all America are really embarrassing.

The sameness of radio advertising is extremely tiresome. There are certain fundamental rules of something or other that all of the writers were evidently required to memorize in college. These tenets can be recognized in so many commercials that they take on the aspect of a phonograph record with its needle caught. One, for example, is that the sole aim of every woman is to serve, to please, to wait on some man,

her lord and master. If she is not a superb cook; if she does not have a gorgeous complexion and a perfect figure; if she ever loses her temper or lets anything annoy her, she can be certain that her husband will immediately lose all love for her. Another is that nobody in the United States or its possessions eats enough breakfast and that what this world needs is to consume cereals three times daily. If a person listens to a certain program daily, he must hear one of these principles expounded every day.

There is one consolation which may comfort the radio audience and make them pity the announcer. He has to read the advertisements to make a living; the listeners can toss their radios out the window.

Ode To Death

By

DOLORES LAKOTZKE

O! lovely moon! O! silent night,
Can't you take me on a flight
To heavens which are undiscovered
And explain to me that inky black cover?

Show me thou flickering beacon lights,
Which have lightened the heavens for thousands of nights,
Let me feel the stillness that covereth the moon,
Please guide me there and, God, please make it soon.

Success

By

SUSIE H. WALDER

JAMES McCAROY thought that he must have been born shy. This weakness had handicapped him all through life. Now he stood miserably in the parlor of his sweetheart's home, waiting for her father to come down. The moment was at hand when he must ask Mr. Leonard's permission to marry his daughter. It was his only chance, for Ellen's last words rang in his ears, "My father and I have been so close since Mother died. . . . I could never hurt him by marrying without his consent. And, Jimmy, he likes people to stand right up and talk to him. Don't be meek or he won't like it . . ." and with that she left the room. Any moment now the old man would come down and he would be forced to state his case.

Jimmy was a decent-looking chap—neither tall nor short, neither blond nor brunette, neither handsome nor ugly. He often looked at himself in the mirror and wondered what a girl as beautiful and as charming as Ellen could see in him. He felt perhaps that it was appearance which hindered him. He had never been a leader in high school or in college. The poor boy had always lost his nerve and stammered in public appearances whenever he had chanced to glance at his audience. To have to take his place with the hulking classmates who towered over him and the handsome boy for whose possession the

coeds battled made him seem so insignificant and unimportant.

He filled his job adequately, but he had none of the extra push and nerve which characterized the men who got higher wages. A hundred times he had vowed that he would apply directly to the boss for a raise, but always he had lost his nerve. A hundred times, too, he had determined that he would "tell off" the big bluff who was the head of the department and took the credit for all of his ideas. But he had taken one look at that big, self-assured man and weakened.

How he had ever won Ellen was a mystery to Jimmy. His spirits sank as he imagined life without her. Would he lose her because he could not stand up and face Mr. Leonard confidently?

Ah, there was a step on the stair! He straightened his spine and felt courage flow through him. He must convince Mr. Leonard that he would be an ideal son-in-law. To be quiet and cool was the most important thing, but he would also have to be very firm.

When the man came into the room, Jimmy started in surprise. He had had no idea that Mr. Leonard, Ellen's "handsome Daddy," was so old and so little. He towered over the small, dried-up man as he arose to shake hands. Why hadn't Ellen come down, too, he wondered.

"How do you do, Mr. Leonard?" he said, grasping his hand firmly.

Mr. Leonard looked a bit confused. "I don't believe I——" he began.

Jimmy grasped him by the shoulder. "But you shouldn't believe anything yet. You don't know me. Don't judge a man until you know him. Now, let's talk this thing over calmly——"

Mr. Leonard looked more confused. "I can't——"

"Please don't say you can't, Mr. Leonard," said Jimmy in a tone of pleading. "After all, Ellen——"

Mr. Leonard began gesticulating wildly. He must be speechless from rage—or fear, thought Jimmy. He continued his harangue.

Mr. Leonard reacted as the boy had hoped he would. He sat passive, while Jimmy went on in slow, quiet tones, reasoning out the whole situation. When he paused for breath, Mr. Leonard began once more. "My dear young man, I can't——"

"But you can!" shouted Jimmy, raising his voice for the first time. "Why can't you?"

Mr. Leonard turned purple and shook his fists. "Of all the insufferable young puppies! I—I——" He stamped out of the room, leaving the young man somewhat dazed.

In a few minutes Ellen came in, "He'll be right down, Jim."

"He Who? Who'll be right down?" shouted Jimmy.

"My father, stupid. Who do you think?"

"Your father! If your father is

coming down, who in thunder have I been talking to for the past ten minutes?"

"I don't know—unless it was Uncle Owen. Oh, Jimmy, you didn't ask him if you could marry me!"

"If he's a little guy with white hair and a beard, I did. And he turned purple."

Ellen collapsed on the sofa, overcome with laughter. "Jim——" she spluttered.

"I don't think it's very funny, getting in bad with your family like this."

Ellen laughed again. "But you don't know Uncle Owen. How'd you make him turn purple? Anyhow, it won't matter because Uncle Owen is——"

But what Uncle Owen was Jimmy did not hear, for at that point the real Mr. Leonard came in.

Jimmy always said that if it hadn't been for Uncle Owen, he would never have won Ellen. As he looked at Mr. Leonard, who towered much above him, the miserable boy thought, "Well, it worked on Uncle Owen. . . . I'll talk just as I did before, and we'll see what happens."

It worked. Mr. Leonard was quite approachable and very acquiescent in the end. And, as he left that night, Ellen said, "Gosh, Jimmy, you're really in solid with Dad. You were so calm. I was proud of you."

Ellen and Jimmy had been married about three months when he brought home the news that he had been made head of his department.

"Now, what do you think? Think

enough of me to gimme a kiss?" he asked when she met him at the door.

"No, don't, you nut! Uncle Owen's in the parlor. You'll embarrass him."

"Uncle Owen, eh? Haven't see him since the night I thought he was your father. Guess he was too mad to come to the wedding."

"Oh, no. Things were so . . . exciting . . . that I must have forgotten. He got a telegram from his office the next morning and had to go back to

California right away. He's been apologizing for missing the wedding ever since he got here."

"Oh, well, in that case I'll forgive him. . . . Hello, Uncle Owen," said Jimmy, stepping into the room. Uncle Owen was seated with his back to the door, thumbing through a magazine. He did not stare or look up.

"You'll have to shout, dear," whispered Ellen. "Don't forget he is almost totally deaf."



Song to a Soldier

By

CAROLYN LATHAM

I wandered here to dream,
Beside a silent stream,
Where leaves drift down to veil its voiceless song.

I found a world at peace,
I heard a birdnote cease,
And heard its haunting echo linger long.

Somewhere the heavens frown,
And pour their terror down;
A night of chaos dims the sky of blue.

But here an angry sky
Looked down and hurried by;
Passed on and let the sunshine filter through.

Left just a little cove
To hold a dream of love,
And left a lonely girl to dream of you.

The National Symphony

By

JUNE KRATOCHVIL

The curtain rose and eighty men became a single unity under a guiding hand. Faces lost meaning as individuals; the red-nosed flutist blended with the tawny-haired oboe player seated next to him. Rather a mass of black relieved by gleaming white and highly polished wood greeted the audience. The violins' bows reached heavenward seeming to write composers' art expressed in dancing black notes and musicians' love. Brass and woodwind formed a background, aiding the dependable violas and cellos and the rumbling bass viol. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, a few lighter pieces to please the less musical, bursts of applause—and then the curtain. Still seeing the bows of the proud conductor and feeling within that feeling that arises only from complete enjoyment, the audience moved as one from out the auditorium. A single mass, perhaps, yet individuality remained. Some commented, some hummed their favorite refrain. But some were silent.



Quietness

By

MARY ELLEN GLASCOCK

The dusk comes slowly on silent wing,
The sky glows dimly as night shadows fall,
God above seems to watch over all,
As thoughts of peace in the heart sing.

Marriage In Ancient Athens

By

GEORGIA E. RUXTON

THE ancient Athenian girl was brought up with marriage as her important goal. The problem of meeting desirable young men and selecting her own husband was an acute one with her. Greek maidens were not permitted to go out of their homes without being properly chaperoned, and even then their going was limited to non-social activities. The parents assumed the full responsibility for finding suitable husbands for their daughters. If the parents had a difficulty in finding worthwhile prospective husbands or in getting them interested in marrying their daughters, they usually employed a professional matchmaker whom they paid a fee to locate and interest some prosperous and politically inclined young man in the parents' marriageable daughter, then as now jokingly referred to as a keepsake by other more successful parents. The professional matchmakers in Greece were generally shrewd elderly women from the more prominent families who had a large political and military acquaintance. That the girl herself might have any will of her own in the matter was almost never considered. Probably she never saw the young man to be her future husband except at some family gathering, such as a marriage or a funeral. Besides, she was so young when she was betrothed that, as yet,

she had formed neither an intelligent opinion nor any prejudices on the subject.

If the young man to whom she was betrothed were financially or politically independent in life, negotiations were made with him directly. Should he still be dependent on his parents, the two sets of parents arranged the marriage themselves, asking only the formal consent of the bridegroom. Since it was an established custom to accede to the parents' wishes, he dared not refuse to accept. Should she not be to his liking, he felt that because of her youth, he could train her to be both useful and obedient. The amount of the dowry was agreed upon and then the marriage took place.

The wedding was a pompous ceremony, usually solemnized during the favorite month, January. In the full of the moon, the bride dedicated her childhood toys to Artemis. Then, arrayed in her finest clothes, she was greeted by the wedding guests. When everyone had assembled, her father sacrificed a lamb and all feasted on the flesh of the victim.

As the evening advanced, the mother handed the bride over to the groom, who then led her outside to the chariot. They were preceded by the bridegroom's friends, who carried torches and sang songs as they led the way

to the house of the young husband. The doorways and street corners were crowded with onlookers shouting good wishes. At the groom's house, the pair were greeted with a volley of confetti. The bride then stopped to eat a quince,

the symbol of fertility. After another feast, the still-veiled bride was led to the perfumed and flower-hung marriage chamber.

Thus the Athenian girl experienced the chief transition of her life.

This Changing World

By

CATHERINE KORBAL

1899:

She walked through the trolley,
 With not much poise.
 She glanced demurely
 At all of the boys.
 Six quickly jumped up
 To offer a seat;
 She accepted one
 And her smile was sweet.

1943:

She walked through the trolley,
 Armed with poise.
 She glared down her nose
 At all of the boys.
 Not one jumped up,
 To offer a seat.
 She stood all the way home,
 On her poor aching feet.

Venus Anadyomene

By

VIRGINIA OQUIST

A BLEAK world it was then, millions of years back into the fathomless depths of time. Along the ragged shores of North-eastern Greece, in Thessaly, the misty, hazy, uneven pinnacles of the rocks rose up and hid themselves in the damp, low-hanging fog rolled in by the Aegean Sea. Everything was still and vague except the steady, monotonous thud of the churning black waters against the rocks.

Far out to sea, beyond the shore mist and fog, away from the deafening rhythm of the tide, was a strange new calm. The waters had ceased to be churning and wild. They were green, and freshly clear. Out of these waters, rising up in ethereal beauty, sparkling and glistening in the sudden appearance of the sun was Venus, the goddess of all that was lovely. She was called "Amphrodite," meaning "foam-born." Carried on subdued waves to the ragged shores, she found herself at the foot of Mount Olympus, the highest mountain of all. Around her suddenly sprung flowers and lovely green shrubs. Birds mysteriously burst in song from the hidden crags of the mountains. Everywhere Amphrodite pressed her tiny foot, beauty appeared. She laughed softly as she wonderingly looked about her and beheld lovely garlanded children dancing around her.

This was the coming of love and grace, but where there is love, there also rises jealousy and hate. The beautiful world of Venus could not remain untouched forever. There were other forces, other gods from the steep heights of Mount Olympus who ruled, too. One day, down from the mountain ledges, climbed a frowning, fully armed warrior. With each step the clash of his sword and shield at his side resounded ominously in the crevices. The children of Venus ran from him, hiding as he strode boldly along in measured step. The plume of his helmet bobbed to meet his gait. Venus, from within her cave, sensing the unaccustomed silence of her brood, came forth and stood radiant and poised, looking about her. Soon she saw her children steal from their concealment and timidly and cautiously approach the stranger. They were fascinated by him. They touched with awe his shining armor. He towered stiff and straight above them. Suddenly in the distance coming in from the sea was a long roll of thunder. The sky darkened, and at the sign, the haughty Mars brandished his long sword and scowled. The little people looked up at him with new interest. This was the coming of conflict and war. The children, however, at first so excited by this strange entrance of so magnificent a figure, soon tired of him, and all ran to the

protecting bosom of the guardian. Amphrodite coddled and smoothed their foreheads with gentle finger-tips, her steady unflinching eyes meeting those of the bristling stranger.

From that time, so many, many years ago, Mars has often come clattering down the steep inclines of Mount Olympus and has arrogantly brandished his sword, seeking to steal Venus' power forever.

Even now he stalks the rocky shores, his lower lip curled in anger, his eye darting suspiciously, his plume dancing to match his steps, and his sword clashing against his armored side. But one day he will succumb at last to the laughter and charms of Venus. He has seen her and perhaps the fierce ray darting from his eyes has already softened a little into one of admiration and submission.



Thoughts

By

CATHERINE KORBAL

I've seen colored leaves
 Gliding down from the trees
 To be caught in the breath
 Of a brisk autumn breeze. . . .

I've gazed at a purple sky
 Studded with stars,
 And watched clouds ride by
 On the moon's handlebars. . . .

I've walked in the woods
 When trees were fresh green
 And on still winter nights
 When the moon cast a sheen. . . .

Of silver and blue,
 And my thoughts were of you.

Spotlight Canteen

(Backstage Glimpses)

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

"HEY, is my lipstick on straight?"
"What about my hair?"
"Has anyone got a pin?"

"Gosh, I don't feel so good."

"Quiet backstage, you're making so much noise they can't hear the program. Dolls, get ready, you're on next."

"Quit pushing!"

"Eek, you're stepping on my skirt."

"My hair—O!" (a dismal wail).

"For goodness sakes, look. There's Mac dressed like Carmen Miranda. Well, what d'ya know, there's Sonja Henie, I mean Monika Dahl."

"Where?"

"Over there, with the faculty high-ups."

"Gee!"

"Shut up! You're on!"

"My goodness, what's that? I bet the balcony caved in. I told them it couldn't hold any more."

"That's no cave-in; that's 'Pistol Packin' Mama!'"

"Egads, look at that pistol."

"Pistol, nothing, look at those curves."

"Aw, I bet she'd padded."

"Cat."

"Well, what d'ya know, the fleet's in!"

"And skin tight."

"I don't know about the skin—but—"

"No cracks. The one second from the end is my roommate."

"Make way for the infantry. They're next."

"Hey, not bad."

"At least their uniforms fit."

"Where?"

"Quit fussing. They're G. I."

"Don't look now, but there's that one-eyed wonder."

"O sister, take a gander at those gams!"

"Where?"

"There."

"Yeah, but look what comes with them."

"Meow!"

"Marines, you're on next. And for the last time, shut up—backstage!"

"Nothing like being polite."

"If that last Marine isn't the real McCoy, I'll swallow my foot."

"Which one?"

"All four."

"Hey, what's the chorus doing on the stage?"

"Maybe it's the end."

"End nothing. This is the best part."

"Gosh I like that song." (Off-key):
"Wherever you are——"

"Quiet, we want to hear what she's saying."

"Listen to that voice—gee, I feel like crying."

"Sister, you are not alone."

"Amen!"

Trends in Current Literature

By

CORABEL GARRETSON

ALL types of current literature are being overshadowed by war stories; however, war-inspired literature is not as popular as it was a year ago. It would be a fine time for writers of fiction to turn to inspirational or non-war themes, for people are tiring of reading realistic stories of the gruesomeness of World War II. War stories with settings in most every part of the world are appearing. Hardly a fighting front is being omitted. On account of this the public is being given an international outlook on the war.

The unusual situations and circumstances of the war are causing people to write about it who never thought of writing before. War correspondents are having a heyday. Many times they write their stories in haste and fail to keep their style up to the better literary standards of the present time. Strangely enough the human side of the war is more attractive to them than is the technical side. Military tactics become secondary to human suffering and hardships.

Biographies are being emphasized. Many of these depict war heroes. This fact leads one to predict that this type

of biography will become popular in the postwar period.

Books dealing with postwar education are also being published. They are outlining plans for a new form of education. In such books progressive education is slowly giving way to classical ideals.

The light, racy style of current fiction is not at its best. In time of stress and fear the minds of people naturally turn to reality, and at the present time books dealing with the war have risen to major prominence. Somehow one wonders if there will ever be another Chaucer, Dickens, Shakespeare or John Milton. Present-day novels lack the research, background, and classical influence that the immortal classics possess. They show unmistakable evidence that their authors are trying to keep pace with the times.

A few decidedly technical books are being published for students interested in chemistry, mathematics, and other technical sciences. Literature has experienced more fruitful periods. However, one may be optimistic about it after the great output of war stories has passed.

A Promise Well Kept

By

RUTH BONDURANT SMITH

ONE day when I was a very young watch, I accompanied my master, Waring Howard, to town. It was a beautiful day, typical of the average climate on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. The leaves were bright orange and yellow with a few stubborn greens sprinkled among them. Little ole Jeb, just about the stubbornest Negro on the plantation, was lashing the horses unmercifully. He refused to obey his master's command to stop. My master, having a quick temper and hating to see beautiful horses brutally treated, in spite of the need for haste seized the whip just as some Yankee soldiers appeared at his home—a home requisitioned as headquarters by Northern soldiers, and lashed Jeb.

Several of the soldiers on the veranda witnessed this act, and immediately rushed forward shouting to us to stop. Jeb drew in the horses and my master was left to face the Northern soldiers alone. The soldiers in blue were angry and some wished to lash my master in turn, but the leader, upon hearing that my master was Waring Howard from the plantation "Oak Grove," thought it would be a good opportunity to obtain supplies. So he told Master Waring that they would call on him late that afternoon or early in the evening. They emphasized that his presence would be required. My master rendered a superior smile and slipping his hands

from his pockets caressed me and said, "Oh yes, *I'll be there. That I promise you.*"

We then resumed our journey into town where we had the prescription filled for Master Waring's wife. Upon returning home, my master hastily packed the majority of his precious possessions and hurried Mrs. Howard and the children in a small potato barge, along with the few trusted servants and sent them up-river to his cousin's plantation. From their limited supplies he had taken two biscuits and some ham and a cigar. Armed with these, he returned to the house and seated himself in a chair, where he began smoking his cigar. After a few puffs, he placed it, still burning, in the ashtray. Then he went out into the hallway, climbed the stairs to a landing where, about three feet above the floor, there was a built-in cupboard. He opened this cupboard and peered inside. The shelves that extended half way across were bare. He pulled himself up, squeezed between the shelves and the chimney, and standing erect walked ahead for five feet until he was between the chimney and the wall. He then settled himself and pulled out a biscuit from his pocket and began munching on it.

The soldiers arrived a short time later and, finding the house deserted, thought that my master had failed to

keep his promise. However, one of the soldiers noticed the half-burned cigar and realized that he must be somewhere in the house. In their search they opened the cupboard door and looked in. My heart nearly stopped ticking. I'm sure I must have lost a few minutes. My master hardly dared to breathe. We wondered if they would use a candle to explore the cupboard's interior. However, as the cupboard was dark, apparently empty, and did

not seem a suitable place to hide, the soldiers returned downstairs where one of them picked up the still-burning cigar and put it in his mouth, saying with disgust. "He's here, all right, but I give up." Around midnight my master and I slipped out and made our way to the river where a small fishing scow was concealed. We got in and after a long, tiresome journey, arrived at his cousin's plantation, safe and sound, having kept all promises.



We Regret to Inform . . .

By

MILDRED PAIGE MANCOS

Years ago her slender finger traced a line
Along the velvet of a case,
Wherein lay the memory
Of her only love in life.
A lock of hair, a faded photograph,
And, cold to touch, a bit of steel—
The Navy Cross. Sent to his wife.
Today, her finger, wrinkled now, traced a line
Along the velvet of a case,
Wherein lay the memory
Of her love in life—another.
A baby's lock of hair, photographs,
And, cold to touch, a bit of steel—
The Navy Cross. Sent to his mother.

Daytime Sandman

By

JULIA ROSE

WHY, I've been asleep! Ordinarily this exclamation would bring little if any comment. Sleeping is one of life's necessities, but to sleep in history class! Hastily I tried to bring order out of a jumble of incoherent notes. Why, the teacher was on an entirely different subject now. What was the matter with me? Of late, sleep had seemed to creep up on me at the oddest times and with no warning at all. It made me feel almost a slave to its every whim, and I hated that. I was ordinarily an active person, filled with the joy of living; and my

busy schedule had never overtaxed me formerly. I couldn't explain this sensation and the more I thought about it the more it puzzled me. Soon my thoughts would start weaving queer, intricate patterns in my mind, and then there would be lots of loose ends poking into various corners of the recesses of my brain, and then—utter oblivion.

I didn't hear the shrill class bell. The shuffling feet of my departing classmates never penetrated into my world. Only a rough shake by the professor roused me to send me on my way still wondering—why, O why?

College Spirits

By

MARIE KENNEDY

Autumn has come to Mary Washington. Strong, cold winds have stripped the graceful trees of their colorful foliage, leaving them mere ghosts of beauty against the sky. The grass, however, still maintains its spring-green color, and it will remain unchanged in spite of wintry blasts.

Miss Mary Washington, think before you again throw trash on the campus. Leave that luxurious carpet of grass unmarred.

MWC Cavalry Takes Oak Hill

By

BETTY B. SMITH

SOMEWHERE in Virginia November 20. According to latest communications from the Cavalry high command, a successful action has just been completed in the hilly sector west of the City of Fredericksburg. Across ground scarred once before by Confederate and Union troops a column of light cavalry made a considerable advance, the push being launched early this afternoon.

Driving forward over hilly, wooded terrain, our forces met no organized resistance until a gain of three or four miles had been made. At the first sign of the proximity of the enemy objective the troopers deployed for action, quickly seizing the strategic position known as Oak Hill. Depositions were

made for the onslaught in exceptionally fine style.

Preparations complete, that hardest part of a battle, the lull before the storm, set in. Tension showed in the faces of veterans and rookies alike and something else showed in those faces which portended little good for the enemy.

Then it came—at the sound of the bugle the charge was on. As the objective came into full view and the full weight of the assault descended upon it, mountains of spaghetti and meatballs melted in the white heat of battle. Perhaps one of the goriest spectacles which this or any other battle has ever seen ensued as a bottle of catsup was upset in the rush.



Ode to a Latin Book

By

GLORIA IRENE BURNSIDE

Every time I pick up your covah
I always seem to discovah
A certain dash of unfamiliarity
Which makes me want to turn to profanity.
I seek and strive to perfect a translation,
But all I get is a case of frustration.
I swallow, gulp, and tear my hairs
While my roommate sits and stares.
My shoes are off, the bed is hard,
The book becomes my only gard.
Lucretius is a smart old boy,
He presents a new kill-joy.
His theories are involved, deep, and scientific,
I guess he thinks they're all pretty terrific.
In addition, might I add,
Lucretius is a perfect cad.
Here I go—off to werk.
On that ole Roman jerk.

Autobiography

By

MARJORIE CRYDER

I WAS first initiated into "The Human Race" at the unearthly time of ten past midnight on the morning of January 27, 1922. That much I accept as a fact because I realize that it must have happened some time. But the other things that people tell me took place during my infant years, I would rather disbelieve. So, aside from the fact that I was a pretty baby (you've heard about the fate of a pretty baby when she grows up), I shall disregard further details and go on to a time when I can remember my actions, although I do not always accept responsibility for them.

Oh, yes, the scene of action was Massieville, Ohio. A migratory career started soon after my birth, for the first thing I knew I was in a larger greasy spot, Williamsport, still Ohio, and anxious to go to school.

For the first year, and that year only, I was the teacher's pet, and made high grades. Later my scholastic ambitions must have waned. As our family moved about through that favorite of all the forty-eight states, I made many new acquaintances. Often since I have wished that I might have gone all the way through school with the same classmates.

I said that Ohio was the scene of my school life, with the exception of one cold winter spent in Pennsylvania. I shall never forget these first experiences on the icy mountain highways. However, we moved to Tennessee when I was a freshman in high school. There were really mountains to make Pennsylvania's seem like mole-hills. But I missed the good times the snow used to bring. With the passing of the sled went much of my youth.

I was unable to go to college when I graduated at the age of 17, too young to go to work, legally. But after taking a course in monotype operating, I worked as a monotype operator at the Kingsport Press for two years. Then I began to want a college education. I chose Mary Washington College at Fredericksburg, Va. Since I came here I have enjoyed life tremendously. I have been able to travel; I have made good friends; and I have broadened my views and knowledge in general.

What will come next will probably be more interesting, but as yet, let us be content. As a wise man once said, "Be content to take things as they come and gain from what we are experiencing at the present rather than always living in the future or the past."

How to Polish the Apple

By

MARJORIE CRYDER

TO polish the apple, in student parlance, is a difficult process because, in the beginning, the fruit spoken of is not a fruit, but a professor. Polishing such an illusive object requires skill and tact. Too much "grease" applied for a shine may cause the apple (professor) to react unfavorably. The personality of the student, too, figures greatly in the process. The shy type must take care not to let her unaccustomed role seem a misfit. On the other hand, the boisterous, bold, buxom lass should take precautions lest her efforts go unnoticed amidst her usual activity.

Methods or ways of doing "it" are in variance with the type of professor, as well as the subject he teaches. Whether he is a man or a woman has to be considered. It is details such as that which make the task interesting.

To return to the discussions of methods—the most obvious one and

most uncommonly used in the grades above the sixth is the real polished red apple. The reader quickly sees that such a method is at once noticeable and without the attractions of more subtle means. If the professor has outside hobbies, to make them yours will work wonders, for instance. The baby angle is an especially good one, too. If politicians can do it, so can you.

Professors are not greatly different from other human beings. And all of them will behave like a sponge soaking up water when you howl with laughter at his jokes. And making some of them believe that their tests are hard make their sadistic chests swell!

There is one great fallacy in the whole situation: the best way, the time-proven, moth-proof technique is to be a good student. Friction, commonly called "the rub," arises when one realizes that good students needn't trouble themselves.

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